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OF THE KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD,
WITH RESPECT TO THE FOLLIES AND VICES OF IT.

THE business of education would be very easy, if the world, into which a young man is to be introduced, was such as one would wish it to be. No person could then fail of being well educated; for the world itself would, in general, be his best instructor: every irregularity would then be sufficiently punished and corrected by the natural consequences of it, and sufficient encouragement would be given to every virtue by its own present reward. But the difficulty is to train up a person to act with prudence and virtue in a foolish and vicious age, and to prepare his mind properly for such scenes of vice and folly as he must be witness to. With the best precautions there will be some hazard in this case, but the hazard will certainly be lessened by proper care and attention.

It appears to me that nothing is gained by deceiving a young person in this case. I would not chuse to represent the manners of the world as better than they are: because, upon that plan, it would be impossible that my pupil should be sufficiently upon his guard against their infection. It would be like committing him with an enemy, of whom he had no previous knowledge.

Let a young man, therefore, be faithfully apprized of the great variety of characters of which the world consists; that none are absolutely perfect; that those who approach to perfection are few; that the bulk of mankind are very imperfect, and many, but not the majority, exceedingly profligate, deceitful, and wicked: and if, while he was under the immediate care of his parents, and tutors, the principles of virtue were carefully instilled into him, if he has been shewn the inconveniencies and mischiefs that men actually bring upon themselves by their vices in this life, and has been taught firmly to believe the much greater miseries that await them hereafter, it may be hoped that the ill example of some may have as favourable an effect upon him as the good example of others.

But though a young person may be *told* what the world is, and what men are, without disguise, it will be necessary that his actual introduction into the world at large be managed

with great caution; because the address and insinuations of many persons into whose company he may fall, and whose morals are very faulty, may be more dangerous than he can possibly have any idea of beforehand; so that no previous admonition will be a sufficient security for him. Let the greatest care, therefore, be taken that the first *company* into which a young person is introduced, be decent and virtuous, like that of his parents and tutors; and, if it be possible, let him be kept from having any connexion with those who are greatly abandoned and profligate, till his own habits are in some good measure confirmed; and then he will not chuse their society more than the common forms of civility, which are necessary to an intercourse with mankind, and which are unavoidable.

It would be happy if some vices, of a peculiarly unnatural and atrocious kind, could be entirely concealed from the knowledge of young persons; and, with care, it may perhaps be done, till they be too old to be in much danger from temptation to them. In general, however, I would neither conceal from young persons the knowledge of vice, nor deny that temporal advantages and pleasures may attend vicious indulgencies; but let them be always given to understand, that those advantages and pleasures are dearly purchased; and that, though, for a time, no visible inconvenience may attend the career of vice, the time of *recompence* will surely overtake the votaries of it at last; and that no man will ever violate the rules of temperance, chastity, or any other virtue, without being made sufficiently to repent of it.

With respect to indulgencies which are not vicious, except in excess, as frequenting the theatre, and places of public diversion, &c. there will be less danger of contracting an excessive fondness for them, if they have been made familiar to the eye, and the mind, in early life. The value of every thing of this kind is always greatly enhanced by the rarity and novelty of them, by being considered as fashionable, and allowed as an extraordinary favour. Were these artificial charms removed, and sufficiently manly employment provided for youth, so that they should not be at a loss what to do to kill their time, there would be no great danger of their giving into that excessively dissipated mode of

life, in which too many persons of fortune are immersed at present.

A life of *pleasure*, as it is improperly called, never fails to have most dreadful intervals of languor and disappointment, and generally leads to vice and wretchedness. When the common amusements have lost their *stimulus*, so that plays, operas, and assemblies, can hardly keep the men of pleasure awake, and when they have had a surfeit of all sensual indulgence, they have no resource but *gaming*. Without this they have no object that can sufficiently rouse and keep up their attention; and though the practice of gaming, could it be kept within reasonable bounds, might serve to enliven a dull hour, and amuse agreeably, and even usefully, persons who are incapable of active and serious employment, or other persons in the intervals of such employment; yet the progress from *less to more* is too easy, and too tempting in this business; and *high gaming* is the greatest enemy to every thing tranquil, gentle, benevolent, and generous, in the human breast. It cherishes every passion that has any thing sordid, dark, and malignant in it; so that when carried to excess, and joined to disappointment, it is no wonder that it ends in riot, distraction, despair, and self-murder.

J. P.

THE
WANDERINGS

OF THE
IMAGINATION.

BY MRS. GOOCH.

[Concluded from page 403.]

"I WAS one morning expecting her at the usual hour, and for the first time she disappointed me. I waited for her in vain, and toward evening began to grow alarmed at her absence. I borrowed the arm of a servant, and repaired to her lodging. She had not been seen there since the morning; and after leaving a message for her, I returned home, under the certainty of finding her there. But no one had seen her, neither did I hear from her till the following evening, when she entered my apartment, and I could discover, from the trembling agitation of her voice, that something particular had disturbed her. On my questioning her about the disposal of her time during the preceding day, I found that her answers were vague and incoherent, which, on my observing, the native candour of her heart prevailed, and she eagerly asked me if I could forgive her revealing to me a secret that had got the better of her reason, and without too harshly condemning, advise her how to act under the present embarrassing state of her mind?—I was so totally thunderstruck by this preparation, that I could only entreat her instantly to satisfy me—but to my first emotion, surprise, terror, every sensation that could proceed from the honesty of my heart succeeded, while she uttered—"Your Julia has dared to aspire to the son of her father's benefac-

tor."—I interrupted her, and for a moment all my past affection for her was buried in the most bitter resentment.

"She conjured me to hear her, and I promised to do so. "Yes," she continued, "your daughter has listened to the most tender professions of honourable love, but she is bold to say that she could despise him who has offered it, had he even hinted at the destruction of her innocence. Mr. Williams has privately and frequently met me. He has pledged his honor that he will never give his hand to another; but he expresses himself too well convinced of your integrity, and gratitude to his father, to entrust you with a secret, which it is most essential to his views should never be discovered by him."

I entreated my daughter to leave me, while I ruminated what measures I could adopt to secure my own esteem, without betraying Mr. Williams. I determined to see him; for how was it possible my Julia should suffer in his esteem by the candid declaration she had made me?—I requested the honour of half an hour's private conversation with him in my apartment the same evening, and I had no reason to repent my sincerity. He was ingenuous in the extreme, and in a few minutes dispelled the anxiety, (I will not say doubt) that my daughter's first words had occasioned. He declared to me, in the most solemn manner, his unalterable resolution of uniting himself to her, whenever he should be at liberty to declare his choice, which was restrained for the present, both by his father and his uncle; from the latter he had only to combat with pecuniary considerations; but for his father he had the most tender affection, and the idea of distressing him would have been nearly as terrible as that of forsaking the darling object to whom I perceived, but too plainly, he was forever devoted.

"Mr. Williams's confidence demanded the fullest return of mine; but my honor was deeply interested, and to his I consigned the care of it.

"After many conferences, and meetings between us, (during which he saw not Julia) he consented to my urgent request, that of unbosoming our situation to Sir Herbert. Mr. Williams, with all the impetuosity of youth, believed what he hoped, and left to me the hardest task for the human heart to perform, that of wilfully risking the displeasure of its first benefactor.

"Sir Herbert heard my recital with more emotion than surprise; and I could discover that the obstacles he held forth to his son's union with my daughter, were not so entirely on his own account as that of the Lady Williams's brother, the old Admiral Clayton; who having no children, had declared his nephew his heir, but who possessed too much pride of blood to listen to the proposal of an alliance, that would not be at least adequate to his own.

"To this sentiment he added great inflexibility of temper, and a mind bordering on suspicion. Sir Herbert thought it would, therefore, be prudent to remove my daughter, and was generous enough to propose my going with her, though he deprived himself by it of what afforded his principal delight in the Winter Evenings. He recommended Chesham, where we have remained ever since, nor have I ever

left her, but for six weeks at the return of Christmas, when I regularly go for that time to Sir Herbert's house.

"Mr. Williams still perseveres in his intention, and Sir Herbert does not oppose a correspondence, that he knows would be in vain to prohibit. Once, indeed, Mr. Williams has visited us here, and has given us every reason to believe, that the death of the Admiral, who is now in his 75th year, is the only barrier to his wishes, and I most candidly acknowledge to my own."

Here ended the Narrator; and Julia, who had been all the time absent, returned to gladden us with her presence.

She saw that her secret was discovered; and having no farther restraint in my society, soon convinced me that her whole happiness was wound up in her future prospects, a disappointment in which would not fail to embitter, if not actually destroy, it.

In a few months my wandering stars compelled me to leave Chepstow; but, alas, they have never served to light me to happiness! My correspondence with Julia has continued ever since uninterrupted; and the Admiral, though not deprived of existence, is become so far dead to the world by the suspension of his faculties, that Sir Herbert having come to the knowledge of his will being made wholly in favour of Mr. Williams, no longer withheld his happiness, but united him to his long-loved Julia.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams took up their residence in his house, and the latter days of the aged Llewellyn, who lived with them, were crowned with content; while, like Israel's Monarch, he turned the dulcet strains of his harp to the divinest melody—the praises of his God.

ANECDOTES AND REMAINS

OF PERSONS CONNECTED WITH THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

MARIE ANNE VICTOIRE CHARLOTTE CORDET,

THE daughter of a man attached by a place to the court. The *demoiselle* Cordet was zealous for freedom; rich, young, beautiful—a woman—she was, nevertheless, a republican. An enthusiast, but not a frantic; she possessed the warmth of the one character, without the extravagance of the other. At the place of execution, she uttered not a single word. Her face still possessed an heroic calmness; and she seemed conscious of future glory, and approaching happiness. Although silent, her gesticulations were, however, eloquently impressive; for she frequently placed her hand on her heart, and seemed to say, "I rejoice, in having exterminated a monster!"

Brutus and Cordet both equally struck for liberty, and, alas! neither of them was happy enough to secure it; but the execution of Robespierre seems to have effected for modern France, what the punishment of Antony, and the banishment of Octavius, could not perhaps have produced in degenerate Rome.

To this woman, Greece would have erected statues; Rome, temples. France may some day insert her name in the calendar of her martyrs;—the ancients would have placed her among their gods!

Translation of a letter from Marie Anne Victoire Charlotte Cordet, to her father, written on the evening before her trial:

"From the prison of the Conciergerie, in the apartment lately occupied by the deputy Brissot.

"July 16, 1793.

"My dear respected Father,

"Peace is about to reign in my dear native country, for Marat is no more!

"Be comforted, and bury my memory in eternal oblivion.

"I am to be tried to-morrow, the 17th, at seven o'clock in the morning.

"I have lived long enough, as I have achieved a glorious exploit.

"I put you under the protection of Barbaroux and his colleagues, in case you should be molested.

"Let not my family blush at my fate; for remember, according to Voltaire,

"That crimes beget disgrace, and not the scaffold."

"Your affectionate daughter,

"MARIE ANNE VICTOIRE

"CHARLOTTE CORDET."

VOLTAIRE,

SUPERSTITION ridiculed; tyranny exposed; innocence protected:—a nation, if not prepared for liberty, yet unfitted for bondage. Such were the labours and the triumphs of Voltaire.

The Parisians were always fond of him. Their vanity was, indeed, gratified by his glory, in which they supposed themselves to participate. On his return from banishment, in the time of the monarchy (from what free country would the author of the *Henriade* have been banished?) he was presented with a wreath of laurel, in the public theatre, and crowned, like the heroes of the ancient republics, in the presence of the whole people.

On the recovery of liberty, his ashes were claimed by the nation, and on the 10th of July, 1791, conducted into Paris, amidst the shouts of the national guards, and the tears of the citizens. The carriage, containing the corpse, was shaded with green branches, and adorned with appropriate devices. On one side was the following inscription:

"*Si l'homme a des tyrans, il doit les détrôner.*"

On another:

"*Si l'homme est créé libre, il doit se gouverner.*"

The above mottos were selected from his own immortal works.

THE FARRAGO.

No. IX.

If we see right, we see our woes,
 Then, what avails it to have eyes?
 From IGNORANCE our comfort flows;
 The only wretched are the wise.
 Wearied we should lie down in death;
 This CHEAT OF LIFE would take no more;
 If fame were thought an empty breath,
 OF DELIA but a purjured whore.

PRIOR.

HAPPINESS having been defined, by certain acute wits the art of being adroitly deceived, perhaps, therefore, no order in society merits congratulation more, than that cajoled cluster of "good easy men," whom knaves call dupes. Amadis de Gaul, or any other knight errant of old romance, must have cordially cursed the malignant enchanter, who, by the touch of a talisman, caused the gorgeous castle to dwindle to a cot, or the wrinkles of a witch to mar the brow of a peerless damsel. The Dupe, whom the unreflecting "million" too often deride for being gulled, would have equal reason to upbraid that impertinent and pretended friend, who, in the game of human artifice, should stand behind his chair, and incessantly tell him, that he was cheated. Although I cannot agree with that eccentric orator, who harangued in praise of ignorance; although I cannot print paradoxes, like ROUSSEAU's, pronouncing the arts and sciences useless, and barbarism a blessing; yet I would fervently implore those gamesome genii, who delight in the mockery of mortals, that they would never unbind from my eyes that fillet which conceals from their view the foibles of the friend I respect, and the frailties of the woman I love. In life's pilgrimage, curiosity must be sparingly indulged: and, lest dejection invade, we should not scarcely see, still less contemplate, the deformities of ZAARA, or *The Desert*. One of the most amiable *weaknesses*, as the world calls them, in my uncle Toby's character, as delineated by Sterne, was that you might cheat him ten times a day, if nine times were not sufficient for your purpose. *Ælian*, a narrative Greek, records the case of an insane Athenian, who, living in a maritime town, fancied that all the vessels which arrived in the haven were his own. Horace mentions likewise, a nobleman of Argos, a literary enthusiast, a "child of fancy," who, even in the vacant pit, fancied that he witnessed the representation of sublime tragedies, and "hearkened even to extacy." Now how unfortunate an officer would uncle Toby have been, had Corporal Trim hinted at the duplicity of Bridget, widow Wadman, or any of the Shandy family; and how unfortunate were the frantic Athenian and the illustrious Argive, from whose minds the "dear deceit" was expelled by the officious friend, and the operative hellebore.

I have read somewhere, I believe in Sir Thomas More's works, that the world is undone by looking at things at a

distance. One would suppose that so wise a Chancellor would have philosophised better than this, and have maintained the *reverse* of the proposition. Happy would it have been had his practice militated with his principles. If he had surveyed the Romish superstition, and the caprice of the eighth Henry *at a distance*, if he had kneeled to the saints without questioning their right to be worshipped, and obeyed the king without asking wherefore; the "rays of royal indignation," would not have consumed the Chancellor, and he would not have paid with his head the price of *too near* an examination.

The inimitable BUTLER, in whose Hudibras we always find much of the good sense and truth of poetry, acknowledges that,

Doubtless the pleasure is as great
 Of being cheated, as to cheat.

But he might have said more, and affirmed that the satisfaction is greater, and that the dupe is happier, than the knave. It is better to be the gulled spectator of a puppet show, than the master juggler, who comprehends the whole trick. How foolishly conducts that curious impertinent, who swears that the glittering crown of the theatrical monarch is nothing but tinsel, and rushes behind the scenes to view the actors in an undress. For the naked skeleton, even of delight to adopt a happy phrase of Dr. Johnson's, is loathsome; and those inquisitive beings, who wish to survey every object stripped of its trappings, resemble children who dash their gilded toys to pieces to know what is inside.

In every age inquisitiveness has caused many, eager to take a peep, to go on their way sorrowing. If our grandparent Eve had been content with innocent ignorance, and not *hankered* after those cursed crab apples which have "set the children's teeth on edge," we should all be "jolly fellows;" each, after rising from the feast of life, would have no reckoning but his own to discharge. But since the habit of tearing off the veil from every object has grown inveterate, how many mishapen monsters have exhibited to the curious eye, most naked and nauseous disproportion. How many noble, how many ecclesiastical heads, recent from the guillotine, have gasped on the ground because TOM PAINE railed at the mob for their servility to the ruling powers, and taught them the "Rights of Man." If *happy* ignorance had been our hereditary queen, no persecution, civil or religious, would have urged non-conforming victims to the stake or the scaffold. The bells on St. Bartholomew's night would not have tolled, Luther would not have defaced so many paintings, nor have mutilated so many statues of the Romish Church. Calvin's proselytes would have been a visionary band, feeble and insignificant as the madcap shakers. *Mother Church* would never have quarrelled with her daughters for precedency. *Lawn sleeves* would not have been rent by one side, nor *grey coats* singed threadbare by the other; but all the members of the *great family*, would have sung what ditties they pleased, and perhaps amicably joined in a general chorus of

" SINCE WE ARE MET, LET'S MERRY, MERRY BE,
 WITH A TINKER, OR A TAILOR."

HENRY AND LOUISA;

AN AFFECTING TALE;

Founded on recent Facts.

*Introduced in a Letter of Consolation and Advice to
Mrs. FRANKS, from her Sister.*

NEW-YORK.

DEAREST SISTER,

YOUR last, so fraught with genuine distress, arrived at a moment when my whole soul was agitated by a pathetic fact, which has recently occurred in this city.—Alas, my dear girl, it is not you alone whom calamity visits:—the sons and daughters of affliction are as numerous as the votaries of humanity:—Sympathy need never be idle; and the tear of pity may unceasingly trickle from the eye of tenderness, while bigotry, avarice, and vanity violate the susceptible bosom of innocence and love.

Since our establishment in this city, among the acquaintances we have formed, a family of the name of Williams, consisting of a respectable father and mother, and three dutiful sons, has not been the least flattering and agreeable. My earliest observation in it, was the sincere passion which the eldest son constantly avowed for a neighbouring female, whose parents, though not in the habit of intimacy with his, were ever cordial and polite to his addresses. A mutual and unvaried affection had subsisted between them from their infancy, and, “growing with their growth,” the time had now arrived in which they anticipated the unbounded fruition of their juvenile hopes. Their parents, having heretofore tacitly acquiesced in their union, beheld with unutterable pleasure the ceaseless constancy of their children, which could be productive of nothing but the most unmingled happiness to all. The day of festive gladness was appointed, and Mr. Williams, in order to equalize his son's estate with the expected affluence of his daughter-in-law, purchased an elegant house, and furnished it with every article of grandeur and convenience; besides a handsome donation in cash, which he reserved for the day of celebration. The blissful and expectant hour opened to the warm feelings of the young lovers a thousand scenes of untasted joy—a thousand sources of ineffable delight. Louisa already looked upon Henry as the plighted husband of her soul, and poured into his bosom her unrestrained confidence; while he, with feelings equally elated, made her the supreme mistress of his thoughts!—Thus did the rapturous scene glow in their vivid imaginations, and tantalize expectation, when the fordid parents of Louisa, taking her to their closet, thus addressed her:—“Dear Louisa, your happiness and future comfort being the only hope and object of our lives, we have with pleasure beheld, and cherished with parental indulgence, the virtuous passion you have long felt for Henry Williams. In three days more our period of duty and authority will expire; and before this we earnestly wish, by one dictate of prudence, well to conclude the work ever nearest our hearts.”—The astonished Louisa, unable to discern the tendency of this ambiguous exordium, remained pensively silent; and

her father continued;—“You know the desparity of young Williams' fortune, and the thoughtlessness of men of his profession and years.—Let us then beseech you as you regard your future welfare and our solemn request, the last perhaps we shall ever enjoin, previous to your marriage, to call for an attorney and confirm on your children the fortune left you by your uncle: what we are able to bestow will equal, if not exceed the fortune of your husband.”—Louisa was all comprehension, and looking with an eye of affection first at her attentive mother, and then her father, she exclaimed, “Is it possible, father, that he, to whose honour and fidelity I am to commit my person and precious happiness, is deemed unworthy to be trusted with a trifling sum of paltry gold!”—and turning, with a sigh acceded to the proposition of her parents, as the only means of reconciling them to participate in their approaching bliss. An attorney was obtained, and her fortune of five thousand pounds secured to the offspring of her legal marriage, and forever wrested from the touch of her husband.

Their exulting parents beheld the nigh approach of their children's happiness, with accumulated transport! The enraptured Henry forsook the world; and devoted his time to the retired society of his amiable Louisa:—Louisa disclosed the ungenerous deed she had been obliged to perform.—Its suspicious aspect, and concealed process, enraged the pride of his soul!—He flew to his father, related the insidious act, and with aggravated frenzy cursed the foul and penurious machination!—His father, naturally of a high and independent spirit, heard his son with mortified ambition, and in flames of vindictive manliness hastened to the presence of the parents of Louisa.—They received him with cordiality; but their demeanour was soon changed into coldness and reproach, by his unbridled vehemence; and after a clamorous altercation, in which the agonized Louisa mingled her tears, he left them with a solemn denunciation of the match, and an imprecation on their iniquitous penury. All intercourse between the parties was interdicted; the house, furniture, &c. purchased by Mr. Williams, re-sold, and the intended solemnization annihilated.

—Here, Caroline, pause, and enquire of your soul, if this horrid tale could thus conclude? Say, my sister, is it possible to your conception, that the divine and unadulterated fervor of this young pair, could, by this interposition of avarice, be resolved into apathy and indifference?—Could that celestial passion, whose weakest votary has survived the shocks of fate, become extinct by a mere artifice and parental covetousness?—No, Caroline, it is inconsistent with nature, and nature's God.

Louisa's anguish at this disastrous event is not to be described!—After uttering her grief in the agony of tears and lamentation, she drooped into a settled melancholy. Immured in her chamber, and refusing the comfort of the world, her lonely reflections aggravated the delectary influence of her misfortune: She gradually declined; and in a few months, her relentless parents beheld the awful advances of their child's dissolution; which she viewed with a placid benignity of soul. “Death, like a friend” indeed, seemed to succour her affliction: and by a gradual and mild operation,

terminated the bitter pangs of her heart. Yet even at the solemn period of her decline, her mind dwelt on the constancy and love of Henry with delightful extacy; and in departing from her sorrowing friends, forever closed her quivering lips in pronouncing his beloved name! Her fate reached the ears of the frantic Henry, who, until this time, had been kept ignorant even of her indisposition! He flew to the house—but at first was denied this last sad pleasure of beholding his lifeless Louisa!—He was, however, admitted for a few minutes, on cruel conditions. Leaning on the arm of his younger brother as he crossed the aisle which conducted to the solemn apartment, his weakened senses started at the melancholy idea, and for a time an universal agony rendered him unconscious of his real situation.—He entered the darkened room, and approaching the coffin, beheld his lately blooming love beautiful even in the frozen arms of death!—"Oh!" he exclaimed; but his furcharged heart gushing from his eyes, obstructed the farther utterance of his grief. He gazed on the cold eloquence of her face; touched with his hand her palsied cheek; and with a kiss whose ardor seemed to breath his soul to the object, was dragged from the tragic spectacle!

He attended the funeral rites; and since has been continually absorbed in silent sorrow! His soul, at times, seems abstracted from his body, and in relapsing from his reveries, he often fervently exclaims, "I have seen my Louisa! She is with her kindred spirits in bliss; and I shall soon be happy!"—While he thus paces in pursuit of the same grave which incloses his hopes of life and felicity, his loving parents, oppressed with age and affliction, are hourly progressing towards their end. Sorrow has raised her banner in the family; while the parents of Louisa, in performing the pageantry of mourning, forget the cause and object of their grief.

From this interesting narrative, my love, you will perceive, that, although others of your sex endure not the same distresses to which you are destined, they are not wholly exempt from the asperities of fate. Alas, be not covetous of distress: but learn from this reflection, that all are either the Victims of Sentiment or the dupes of passion, desirable it is to acquire a mind patient in suffering, and a soul indignant of complaint.

Excuse the length of the present, and believe me to be
Your affectionate sister,
MARIA HARTLEY.

THE preceding Letter is extracted from an invaluable Novel, entitled "THE VICTIMS OF SENTIMENT:" wrote by a YOUNG AMERICAN of Philadelphia.—It is just published, and for sale at the office of the Weekly Magazine, No. 358, Pearl-street; (price 6s.)

ANECDOTE.

WHEN a celebrated eastern traveller's book was presented to the sovereign, some person asked Lord North if the author of it was not to be made a knight; "Yes, to be sure," replied his Lordship, "and then you will have some new Arabian Knight's [Nights] Entertainments you know."

DETRACTION. A VISION.

SUPERIOR excellence is the general mark for calumny; and envy is usually led to asperse what it cannot imitate. A little mind is scandalized at the pre-eminence of its neighbour, and endeavours to depreciate the virtues which it cannot attain to. Thus the distempered eye is impatient of prevailing brightness; and, by attempting to observe the lucid object, inadvertently betrays its own weakness. Pride is the fruitful parent of Detraction; and it is the unjust estimate which men set upon themselves, that generates in their minds this ridiculous contempt of greater worth. Persons of this unhappy complexion regard all praises conferred upon another as derogatory from their own value. The arrows of the backbiter are generally shot in the night; and the most unspotted innocence is the game of this infernal destroyer. The heads of his darts are imbrued in poison; and it too frequently happens, that a small wound proves mortal to the injured. But to drop for the present these figurative expressions, I would only observe, that it is a pity a well-regulated society cannot more effectually curb this impious licentiousness of those sons of darkness. If a wretch, necessitated by the cries of a starving family to seek illegal supplies of bread, shall make an open attack upon me, the constitution of the realm consigns such a pitiable malefactor to infamy and death. And shall this miserable object of compassion prove the victim of my resentment; while the backbiter may, with impunity, revel in the excesses of his iniquity, and boast defiance to all laws? As this is a topic, however, which has been descanted on by a variety of pens, I shall endeavour to enliven it with the air of novelty, by throwing my farther sentiments into the form of a vision.

I found myself, during the slumbers of the night, in a very extensive region, which was subject to the jurisdiction of a fury, named Detraction. The fields were wild, and carried not the least appearance of cultivation. The tops of the hills were covered with snow; and the whole country seemed to mourn the inclement severity of one eternal winter. Instead of the verdure of pleasing herbage, there sprang up to fight hemlock, aconite, and other baneful plants. The woods were the retreats of serpents; while on the boughs were perched the birds of night, brooding in doleful silence.

In the middle of the plain was a bleak mountain, where I discovered a groupe of figures, which I presently made up to. The summit presented the fury of the place. There was a peculiar deformity attending her person. Her eyes were galled and inflamed; her visage was swollen and terrible; and from her mouth proceeded a two-edged sword. A blasted oak was the throne which she sat on; her food was the flesh of vipers, and her drink gall and vinegar.

At a little distance from her I observed Ignorance talking loud in his own applause; Pride strutting upon his tip-toes; Conceit practising at a mirror; and Envy, like a vulture, preying upon herself.

The multitudes who paid their addresses to this fury were a composition of all nations and professions, of different

characters, and various capacities. There was the mechanic, the tradesman, the scholar; but the most zealous votaries consisted principally of old maids, antiquated bachelors, discarded courtiers, and the like. Each strove to ingratiate himself with the fury, by sacrificing the most valuable of his friends; nor could proximity of blood move compassion, or plead exemption from being victims to her insatiable passion. Some addressed this infernal Moloch with the very fruits of their bodies; while others were triumphantly chanting forth the extent of her power, and expatiating on the numbers of her conquests. At this incident arose in my breast all the tender sentiments of humanity that I had ever cultivated; and I began to blame my criminal curiosity, which had prompted me to ascend the mountain. But in a few minutes the whole scene was very agreeably reversed. For, towards the southern boundaries, I observed the clouds parting, the sky purpling, and the sun breaking forth in all its glory. When immediately there appeared marching towards us Good-nature, in all her pomp and splendor; arrayed like a sylvan nymph, and blooming with unstudied graces. She was of a fair and ruddy complexion, which received additional beauty from the frequent smiles that she threw into her countenance. On her right hand shone Good Sense, with much majesty and diffidence in her mien. She was an essential attendant on the young lady, who never appeared to such advantage, as when she was under her more immediate direction. On her left was Generosity, carrying a heart in her hand. The next that presented, was Modesty, with her eyes fixed on the ground, and her cheeks spread with roses. Then followed a train of beauties, who, by the unaffected charms of their persons, made me desirous of a nearer inspection. Upon a close approach, I discovered that they were a tribe of AMERICAN LADIES, who were always fond of appearing in the retinue of the Goddesses, from whose indulgent smiles they received an accessional lustre to their charms. I then turned my eyes towards the monsters I have above described; the principal of which turned pale, and fell down in a swoon from her throne. Pride sunk into a shade; Envy fell prostrate and bit the ground; while Ignorance vanished like a morning cloud before the rising sun. As the Goddesses drew near, the whole collection of fiends disappeared. The basilisk skulked into the glade, and the oak on which the fury was seated budded forth afresh. Wherever the goddesses walked, the flowers sprang up spontaneous at her feet. The trees, surprized with new-born life, displayed the enamelled blossom. The tender roe was seen bounding over the mountains, and the little lamb sporting on the hills. Instead of the briar and the thorn, there shot forth the myrtle and every odoriferous shrub. The voice of the turtle was heard in the groves, and the dales resounded with the melodious harmony of the nightingale. In a word, the whole reign confessed the happy influences of the Deity, and charmed in all the genial softness of the spring.

D. C.

ANECDOTES.

SOME of the papers sport Mr. Thomas Paine as a man of gallantry; they say, since his last trip to Paris, he was caught on his knees at a lady's feet by her husband.—The Frenchman astonished at what he saw, exclaimed, "*Vat the devil be you doing, Citizen Paine?*" "*Only,*" replied Tom, "*measuring your lady for a pair of stays.*"—The Frenchman quite pleased at Tom's answer, *kissed and thanked* him for his politeness.

UP STAIRS BACKWARDS.

AN English servant was sent to an acquaintance of his master's, who lived at a watch-maker's in Dame-street. When he came to the shop, he asked if the gentleman was at home; the watch-maker answered in the affirmative, and directed him to go up three pair of stairs *backwards*. After a journey of half an hour, and astonishing the whole house with his noise, he arrived at the door and delivered his message. The gentleman gave him a dram, which he took, saying, "Long life to your good-natured heart and to mine, and I should be obliged to you to tell me a better way down, for the man told me I was to come up *backwards*; and if, sir, I go down the same way, I am certain I shall break my neck." The gentleman burst into a fit of laughing, and explained the watch-maker's meaning.

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED.

At Charleston, (S. C.) Captain WILLIAM EARLE, to Mrs. I'ANS, widow of Mr. Francis I'ans, formerly of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 28th ult. at Norwalk, (Connecticut) by the Rev. Mr. Smith, Mr. STEPHEN WHITE, to Miss ESTHER WASSON, both of that place.

On Sunday evening se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. HENRY C. SOUTHWICK, printer, to Miss MARY WOOL, both of this city.

On Monday evening se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. M'Knight, Mr. ROBERT WILLIAMSON, to Miss BARBARA HARRIES, both natives of Scotland.

At New-Rochelle, on Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. Kuypers, Dr. ROBERT G. MERRIT, to Miss ROOSEVELT, daughter of Mr. John Roosevelt, both of this city.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS.

From the 18th to the 24th inst.

		THERMOMETER		Prevailing		OBSERVATIONS	
		observed at		winds.		on the WEATHER.	
		6, A. M. 3, P. M.		6.	3.	6.	3
		deg. 100. deg. 100.					
June	18	62	77	e.	ne.	rn. lt. wd. do. do t. lg.	
	19	54	69	n.	w.	cloudy lt. wd. clear do.	
	20	57	69	e.	s.	clear lt. wd. do. do.	
	21	58	70	e.	se.	cloudy lt. wd. clear do.	
	22	60	66	e.	se.	cloudy do. do. do. rn.	
	23	60	64	se.	ne.	rain lt. wd. do. do. rn.	
	24	63	71	w.	s.	cloudy lt. wd. do. do.	

ELEGY,

WRITTEN TO DISSUADE A YOUNG LADY FROM FREQUENT-
ING THE TOMB OF HER DECEASED LOVER.

Now, thro' the dusky air, on leaden wings,
Sails the sad night, in blackest clouds array'd:
Hark! in the breeze the gathering tempest sings;
How dear it murmurs in the rustling shade!

Loud, and more loud, is heard the bursting sound
Of thunder, and the peal of distant rain;
While lightnings, gliding o'er the wild profound,
Fire the broad bosom of the dashing main.

Now dies the voice of village mirth; no more
Is seen the friendly lantern's glimmering light;
Safe in his cot, the shepherd bars his door
On thee, Eliza! and the storm of night.

In yon sequester'd grove, whose sullen shade
Sighs deeply to the blast, dost thou remain,
Still faithful to the spot, where he is laid,
For whom the tears of beauty flow in vain?

Ah, left alone beneath the dreadful gloom,
Companion of the tempest! left alone!
I see thee, sad-reclining o'er the tomb,
A pallid form, and wedded to the stone!

Ah! what avails it, Sorrow's gentlest child,
To wet the unfruitful urn with many a tear;
To call on Edward's name, with accents wild,
And bid his phantom from the grave appear?

No gliding spirit skim the dreary ground,
Dress the green turf, or animate the gloom,
No soft aerial music swells around,
Nor voice of sadness murmurs from the tomb.

Cold is the breast that glow'd with love, and pale
The cheek that, like the morning, blush'd before;
Mute are the lips that told the flattering tale,
And rayless is the eye that flattered more.

Deep, deep beneath the dark mysterious grave,
Thy tears he sees not, nor can hear thy sighs:
Deaf is thine Edward, as the Atlantic wave,
Cold as the blast that rends the polar skies.

Oh! turn, and seek some sheltering kind retreat;
Bleak howls the wind, and deadly is the dew:
No pitying star, to guide thy weary feet,
Breaks thro' the void of darkness on thy view.

Think on the dangers that attend thy way!
The gulf deep-yawning, and the treacherous flood;
The midnight ruffian, prowling for his prey,
Fiend of despair, and darkness, grim with blood!

But, oh! if thoughts terrific fail to move,
Let Pity win thee back to thine abode;
Melt at a sister's tears, a mother's love,
Aw'd by the voice of Reason, and of God!

N. B.

TO HEALTH.

HEALTH, rosy nymph, the pleasing boon
Of happiness thou can'st bestow—
Without thee, life's best journey soon
Becomes a pilgrimage of woe.

Shunning the palace, did'st thou dwell
With Slav'ry in his gloomy cell,
More blest the captive in the mine,
Than he for whom the metals shine.

But no—thy haunt cannot be there
Th' abode of pining misery,
Where the sad bosom of despair
Heaves with unpity'd agony—

Nor, wanton, dost thou love to sport,
In pleasure's gay delusive court—
Over the gem-embossed vase,
To smile in Bacchus' ruddy face.

Thou fly'st th' intoxicating bowl,
Fountain of madness and disease,
Whose wild and absolute controul,
The vanquish'd reason fways.

Thou shun'st the fragrant myrtle groves,
Which the Paphian Venus loves—
Where, while Pan pipes a roundelay,
Th' unblushing nymphs and satyrs play.

Ah, modest Health, from scenes like these,
Thou turn'st thy steps aside, to haste
And catch the balmy morning breeze,
Its spirit-giving breath to taste;

Where bath'd in view some valley lies,
Or up a mountain's woody rise—
Whence stretching to the eastern sky,
Bright rural prospects greet the eye.

Here, a deep forest widely spread,
Its variegated foliage shows,—
There, rolling thro' a flowery mead,
With rapid course, a river flows

On to the sea—where meets the view
Thro' opening hills its bosom blue,
Save when a white-sail flies the gale before,
Or a wave breaks upon the rocky shore.

And as thou dart'st thy looks around,
O'er the lively landscape smiling,
More blythe the ploughman's carols sound,
His tedious furrow'd way beguiling—

More sweet the birds their songs renew,—
More fresh each blooming flowret's hue—
From every valley springs, without alloy,
A general cheerfulness—a burst of joy.

EPIGRAM.

PAIR'D in wedlock, pair'd in life,
Husband, suited to thy wife:
Worthless thou, and worthless she;
Strange it is ye can't agree!